

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Willimantic, Conn.—"For five years I suffered untold agony from female troubles, causing backache, irregularities, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk upstairs without stopping on the way. I tried three different doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them. The last doctor said nothing would restore my health. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. ETTA DONOVAN, Box 299, Willimantic, Conn.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, obstructions, irregularities, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

SIRE AND SONS.

Brigadier General George H. Torney, the new surgeon general of the army, is a Baltimorean by birth.

Judge Fred Wellhouse of Topeka, Kan., owns over 1,600 acres devoted to apple trees and has made apple growing a life study.

Rudolph Blankenburg of Philadelphia has given his entire salary as county commissioner for the past three years to three public pension funds.

Daniel Peters of Grafton, Mass., is the town's only full blood Indian—the son of a Narragansett father and a Mohican mother—and his years are ninety-three.

The fattest man in New England is declared to be Arthur H. Moulton of Portland, Me. He weighs 415½ pounds and is president of the New England Fat Men's club.

President Roosevelt has accepted the invitation of the president of the Royal Geographical society to deliver an address before the society on his visit to London about April, 1910.

Lord Clanricarde, the most exalted man in Ireland, is about to lose his property there. His enormous estate of 80,000 acres is to be taken from him by the Irish land commissioners and distributed among the Galway peasantry—of course at a fair valuation.

Count Johann Bernstorff, the new German ambassador in Washington, is a native of Lauenburg. His wife is a German-American and was formerly Miss Jeanne Luckemeyer of New York. The ambassador is an honorary knight of the Sovereign Order of St. John. He was born in 1832.

Tommaso Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. The pupil of Modenes, Salvini won fame in his own country as early as 1848 and then received the laurels due to greatness the world over, making his most successful appearances in England and the United States.

Household Hints.

The quickest cleaner for a sticky bread or cake pan is a crust of stale bread.

A dish of water kept on the radiator will improve the air of a steam heated room.

A scratch on polished furniture can be almost obliterated by rubbing vigorously with linseed oil.

Fringed dollies are kept in better condition if the fringe is brushed with a small nail brush rather than with a comb.

The darkest stain on mirror or window pane can generally be routed with a flannel dipped in spirits of camphor. Rub until dry.

A good silence cloth for the dining table can be made with a double thickness of white flannel laid with the soft side on the inside and quilted on the machine. Edge with a binding of white tape.

HALE'S

The Old Standby

By its time-tested merits, its uniform success, prompt action and clean taste, Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar has become the standard remedy of its kind. Recommended as a safe, simple and effective remedy.

For Coughs & Colds

All Druggists

HONEY

of Horehound and Tar

Pierce's Toothache Drops

Cure in One Minute

Dead Man's Hand.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)
Old Mississippi has seen great changes. For ages she knew only the red man hunting on her banks or darning bither and thither in their canoes, leaving streaks of light on her broad bosom. She saw De Soto come, an apparition from another world. Later the flatboat, the sun glittering on its water dripping sweeps, marked the approach of civilization. The steamer followed the flatboat. An era that marked the old river's greatest glory, a glory of which she was robbed by the railroad built on her banks.

In the middle of the last century what was then regarded a floating palace stopped at Memphis, took on passengers and proceeded on her way down toward New Orleans. Among those who came aboard at Memphis was Arthur Davidson, the son of a widow living on her plantation near that city. Her husband had been a spendthrift and had mortgaged his plantation. From the day of his death for ten years Mrs. Davidson struggled and saved, scraping together every loose coin that came in her way to pay off this mortgage and leave her plantation to her children free from debt. These were two girls and two boys. The eldest boy, Arthur, was twenty-one, the youngest boy eleven. The widow determined to send Arthur to New Orleans, where the money had been borrowed to pay it off and to enter upon a business life. Her property was to be reserved for her minor children.

At that time, when the long table in the cabin was not set for meals, a number of groups were scattered about playing various games of cards. Arthur Davidson stood over one of these tables looking on. It was not only Arthur that listened to the fascinating click of gold pieces (for our individuality is merged into that of our parents and our children; it was both he and his weak father. He sat down and joined in the game.

He had in his pocketbook money for his traveling expenses. The \$10,000 with which to pay off the mortgage was in a money belt about his waist. Arthur Davidson soon lost his expense money, rose from the table and walked out on the guards, struggling the while against temptation to go back and redeem his loss by risking the money entrusted to his care. The image of his mother came up before him—terror stricken, pleading. He saw his younger brother and sisters ruined at an age when they could not at that day hope to provide for themselves. But the temptation was too strong for him. Feverishly he unbuckled his belt and, taking out a number of \$500 bills, placed them unfolded in his pocketbook. Then he returned to the cabin and resumed his place at the table.

While there were gamblers on the Mississippi, there were many games made up of planters, cow men and others in legitimate occupations. The game in which Arthur Davidson was playing was fair, but he was reckless, doing an inordinate amount of bluffing, and he lost steadily. The more his mother's savings diminished the more reckless he became. The game continued far into the night, and toward the small hours of the morning he had parted with more than one-half he had taken from his belt.

It was about 2 o'clock when some one of the players opened a fat pot, and every one stayed in. It was Davidson's last stay. He raised, as he usually did, and still no one dropped out. This transferred to the pot about half of what he had left of his original sum. The cards were now drawn. The opener drew three, the next two drew two each and the last three one each. Davidson was one of those who drew one card. The opener bet, and Davidson raised him with all the money he had left. Since he was so given to bluffing, the others, supposing he had drawn but one card to scare them off, called him.

If he won he would win twice the mortgage money. If he lost he would have nothing left. After the last bet he laid his cards on the table face down. It was noticed that he was laboring under a terrible excitement. He bent over the table, his head resting on his arms. The rest showed their hands. The opener had one small pair, another had a pair of aces, a third had two pairs, seven and four, and the fourth man had a pair of queens. The highest hand in the lot was the seven and four, not a hard one to beat.

"Come, Davidson; show your hand," Davidson didn't move. One of the players, impatient to know the result, turned over the young man's hand. It contained a pair of tens and a pair of threes. It had won.

"The pot's yours, youngster," called one of the players. "Wake up."

All expected Davidson to start up and eagerly clutch his winnings. Instead he remained immovable. They shook him. They turned his face so that they could see his features. It was livid.

"Is there a doctor aboard?" Word was passed, and a man in the ladies' cabin came forward, raised Davidson, looked into his face, felt his pulse and pronounced him dead. His heart had yielded to the excitement of standing on the precipice between ruin and a doubling of the money he had been tempted to risk.

Davidson's body was shipped back to his mother and with it not only the \$10,000 she had entrusted to his care, but \$10,000 additional.

Since then tens and treys have been called the dead man's hand, and it is a hand that is rarely beaten in draw poker.

T. DEWITT BOWMAN.

The Only Way.

"They say you're making plenty of money in the stock market."

"Yes; I never lose anything."

"Ah! You get straight tips, eh?"

"No; I sell 'em."—Catholic Standard and Times.

TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH

Mix two ounces of glycerine with a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and a half pint of straight whiskey. Shake well, and take in doses of a teaspoonful every four hours. This mixture possesses the healing, healthful properties of the pines, and will break a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable. In having this formula put up, be sure that your druggist uses the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared and guaranteed only by the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

WOMAN DOCTOR STUCK IN A HUGE SNOW DRIFT

Abandoned Her Horse and Used Snow-shoes to Visit Her Patient.

Meredith, N. H., Feb. 4.—Dr. Mary A. Nutting was called to Meredith Neck, three miles out, to visit a sick child. She became lost in a snow drift half mile from her home, from which she could not extricate her horse. The plucky woman had taken her snowshoes in the sleigh with her, and when she found there was no chance of getting her horse out of the drift by her own efforts, she put on the snowshoes and started on her errand of mercy over the drifts reaching Meredith Neck after a most exhausting trip. The physician's neighbors shoveled her horse out of the drift and took him home.

Dr. Nutting rested a couple of hours at Meredith Neck, and, fortified with food, started homeward across the deep drifts. It was nearly midnight when she arrived here.

Mrs. Nutting is the wife of Dr. Newell C. Nutting, formerly of New York city, who was obliged to seek a change of climate several years ago on account of his health. Dr. Mary is greatly esteemed by everybody in this section of New Hampshire.

JUMPED TO KEY AND GAVE ALARM

Wireless Operator on Steamer Providence Acted Promptly, but Later Found There Was No Fire.

Newport, R. I., Feb. 4.—Crossed electric wires caused the sounding of the automatic fire alarm on board the steamer Providence, bound from New York for this port and Fall River, while on her way up Long Island Sound early today, and although it created no excitement on the vessel, the report flashed out by the wireless telegraph operator made a decided stir on land.

Then the fire bell on the ship began to ring. The operator, believing that a fire was in progress on board, jumped to his key and clicked off a general message that the alarm had been sounded. Immediately afterward he called the steamer Puritan of the same line, which was passing on her way to New York. The Puritan's "O. K." came promptly and then the operator started on an investigation. It took but a short time to discover that the alarm was sounded accidentally, and the Puritan was told it was a false alarm.

With the exception of the crew and passengers who were bound for Newport and who were preparing to land, the fire alarm was unnoticed on board and there was no commotion.

REPUBLIC IN 31 FATHOMS.

Government Engineers Announce Location of Sunken Steamship.

Newport, R. I., Feb. 4.—The United States engineers here have taken official cognizance of the hulk of the steamship Republic as they have to in the case of all sunken vessels from Point Judith to Cape Cod. Consequently the position of the wreck was officially plotted Tuesday as five miles due south of Newport lightship in 31 fathoms of water.

ACTION AGAINST JERU URGED.

Chileans Would Take Permanent Possession of Province.

Santiago, Chile, Feb. 4.—Senator Echenique, the Chilean minister of Peru, was recalled from his post when Peru declined to permit Chile to erect a tablet in honor of the Peruvians who lost their lives during the war of 1879 between the two countries, received a great demonstration when he arrived here Tuesday. Senator Echenique explained that he only left Lima when no other course was open to him, and he was sincerely desirous of reaching an amicable settlement of all the claims of Peru. A number of speeches were made, all denouncing the attitude of Peru and advocating the holding of the provinces of Tacna and Tarapaca for all time. Those provinces were originally ceded to Chile by Peru for ten years.

NAPOLEON'S CHARGER DISCOVERED

Stuffed Head of Animal Given to Him by Sultan of Turkey Found.

Paris, Feb. 4.—A straw-stuffed white horse, which has been found in the cellars of the Louvre turned out to be Napoleon's famous charger Vieux, presented to him by the sultan of Turkey. An examination of the records showed that the horse died in 1820. The stuffed hide was acquired by an Englishman, Dr. W. Clarke, who presented it to M. J. Graves of Manchester, who, in turn, donated it to the Manchester Natural History society. At the dissolution of the society in 1868 the horse was forwarded to Napoleon III, and was relegated to the cellars of the Louvre. It was forgotten during the critical period preceding the downfall of the Second Empire.

IF YOU ARE A TRIFLE SENSITIVE

About the size of your shoe, it's some satisfaction to know that many people wear shoes a size smaller by springing Allen's Foot-Powder in their shoes. Just the thing for itching feet, prurient leather shoes, and for breaking in new shoes. When rubbers or overbores become necessary and your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Powder gives instant relief. Allen's Foot-Powder is sold by all druggists and shoe stores. 25¢ per tin. Allen's Foot-Powder, 110 N. Y. Don't accept any substitutes.

AZEZ'S WORK TO SAVE THE CZAR

He Also Prevented Terrorist Plots Against the Life

OF PREMIER STOLYPIN

An Open Trial for Lopukine—Inspired Article Declares the Government Has No Wish to Hide the Facts.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 4.—The case of the so-called provocative agents, Azef and Lopukine, which came up in the Duma yesterday in the form of an interpellation continues to be the chief topic of interest here. Azef was known as the head of the fighting Russian Socialists, while he was in reality a government spy, and Lopukine, former director of police in the department of the ministry of the interior, is charged with high treason in connection with the Azef revelations. Azef is now in hiding, and Lopukine is a prisoner in St. Petersburg.

The Russia in an inspired article today declares that Lopukine should be tried in open court. The government welcomes a full investigation, and is determined to prove to the world that an ex-official who has betrayed secrets of state to the enemies of the country cannot escape punishment.

The disclosures regarding Azef made up to the present time have been chiefly in the matter of his activity in organizing assassinations, but today the other side of the shield is being disclosed and it is shown that his chief value to the government was in preventing the carrying out of plots against the Emperor and Premier Stolypin.

In this he was so successful that the terrorists were unable to organize even a satisfactory surveillance of the Emperor. Four so-called plots never got beyond this stage.

It is reported that M. Trusevich, director of the political police, will be replaced by M. Muratoff, Governor of Taubay.

QUALTROUGH'S TRIAL BEGUN.

Rear-admiral Wainwright One of the First to Testify Against Him.

Gibraltar, Feb. 4.—The court-martial which is to try Capt. Edward F. Qualtrough of the battleship Georgia, on the charges preferred by Rear-admiral Wainwright that he was under the influence of intoxicants at a reception given at Tangier by Samuel R. Gummere, the American minister to Morocco, met yesterday morning on board the battleship Louisiana.

The court is composed of Rear-admiral Seaton Schroeder, Rear-admiral William P. Potter, Capt. Kessuth Niles, commanding the Louisiana; Capt. John Hubbard, commanding the Minnesota; Capt. Joseph R. Murdoch, commanding the Rhode Island; Capt. Hugo Osterhaus, commanding the Connecticut; and Capt. Charles E. Vreeland, commanding the Kansas. Major Dion Williams, fleet marine officer, acted as judge advocate, while Lieutenant-commander William K. Harrison of the Minnesota and Lieutenant-commander John K. Robinson of the Kentucky acted as counsel for the defense.

As Captain Qualtrough was present at Mr. Gummere's reception, officially, the specifications charge him with drunkenness on duty. "The penalty for this offense is anything up to dismissal from the navy."

Rear-admiral Wainwright, Lieutenant-commander George W. Kline and Lieutenant Pope Washington, of the Georgia, and Lieutenant Stephen C. Rowan, flag lieutenant to Rear-admiral Wainwright, testified at the morning session.

Captain Qualtrough was present in full uniform, but without his sword, which he surrendered to Lieutenant-commander Kline when he was placed under arrest.

The hearing of testimony was concluded at the afternoon session of the court. Capt. Qualtrough, appearing in his own behalf swore he was ill the night of the reception, and drank only one glass of sherry.

All the witnesses against the captain expressed the opinion that he was under the influence of intoxicants and unfit for duty.

EGYPTIAN STUDENTS PROTEST.

They Assert That Great Britain Should Leave Egypt.

Paris, Feb. 4.—A number of Egyptian students in Paris have sent a telegram to Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign secretary, protesting against Great Britain's continued occupation of Egypt.

Active Life Ended.

Somerville, Mass., Feb. 4.—An unusually active life, passed for the most part in undying work of other, closed yesterday with the death of Abraham A. Eleston of this city, who during the past 30 years has razed more than 2,000 buildings in New England.

Piano Factory Afire.

New York, Feb. 4.—Fire in the piano factory of Newby & Evans on One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street in the Bronx today quickly spread to all parts of that building, five-story structure, and threatened the piano factory of Decker & Son.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Bores, and all Skin Diseases, and every kind of blemish on beauty and complexion. It has been used for 20 years and is the most perfect skin beautifier ever known. It is sold by all druggists and beauty parlors. 25¢ per tin. Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier, 110 N. Y. Don't accept any substitutes.

Only One Way

Don't expect the stomach to do work it can't do. That is unreasonable. While you need help let Kodol do it for you. Kodol digests all the food and it's the only preparation that does

Don't expect the stomach to do work it can't do. That is unreasonable. While you need help—let Kodol do it for you. Kodol digests all the food and it is the only preparation that does. If the stomach is unable to digest food—

There is only one way. It must have help. Don't expect it to do work it can't do. That is unreasonable. Help restore its ability to act for itself. It soon puts it in condition to do its work unaided. When that condition is reached—

You don't need help. You don't need digesters. You don't need Kodol.

But while you do need help let Kodol do it for you. Then note the physical improvement that only comes with perfect digestion. And perfect digestion supplies sufficient nourishment.

Kodol is not a cure—Nature alone cures. But Kodol assists the stomach by doing part of its work. Then Nature completes its cure. A little help from Kodol makes the burden lighter and easier to bear.

There are tonic properties in Kodol that cause the stomach and whole system to respond. That is what you want. That's what you get in Kodol.

Lack of nourishment is not generally caused by lack of food. It is because you don't assimilate what you eat and because it doesn't digest.

Eat good food and all you want

Don't avoid this nor that because it doesn't agree with you. That only shows the stomach needs help. If your appetite craves certain things your system requires them.

Here is where Kodol benefits you.

It not only digests the food you have eaten, but tones up and puts the stomach back to a healthy and normal condition.

As long as part of the food remains undigested, the stomach is not at rest. All food must be digested. Only part means that the stomach must go on working at an impossible task.

Some things are a partial help and do part of the work. But that is not enough. The part they do is not the most essential part. Just what they fail to accomplish is what is most required by the body. Part way will not do. "Part way" will never take you to a journey's end. All or none should be the demand.

That is why Kodol is so successful.

It digests all food as quickly as a healthy stomach will do it.

If it fails it costs you nothing.

Fairness cannot go further.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money. We will then repay the druggist. This offer applies to the large bottle and to but one in a family.

The dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle. Kodol is made at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

The Incubator and the Duck Business.

The incubator has made possible the extensive duck business which is carried on in several parts of the country, notably Long Island, Pennsylvania, and eastern Massachusetts. One of the largest of these plans sometimes produces 100,000 ducklings a year, marketing them at the age of ten weeks, and often sending off a ton or more of dressed birds in a single day. At this particular plant 102 incubators are used, each of which is known as a 400-egg machine, which means that it is able to accommodate 300 duck eggs, the latter being, of course, considerably larger than hen's eggs, which constitute the standard when the question of size is considered.—Suburban Life for February.

Waldorf Salad.

"Wipe and pare apples, then cut in small pieces," writes Fannie Merritt Farmer in Woman's Home Companion for February. "Mix with an equal quantity of fine cut celery, and season with mayonnaise dressing. Mound on a nest of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with curled celery and canned pimientos cut in strips or fancy shapes. "Curled celery often makes an attractive garnish, and I am wondering if you all know how to prepare it. Cut thick stalks of celery in two-inch pieces. With a sharp knife, beginning at the outside of the stalks, make five cuts parallel to each other, extending one third the length of the pieces. Make six cuts at right angles to the cuts already made. Cut the other end in the same fashion. Put the pieces in cold or ice water, and let stand for several hours.

MORE GRASPING THAN THE BUCKET SHOP

Legitimate Brokers Demand Harder Terms and Give Fewer Square Deals Than the Avowed Bucket-shop Man.

Let us examine a few of the points of difference between the bucket shop and the legitimate brokerage firm. In doing a legitimate investment business, just their place, the bucket-shop man does as the stock-exchange house does. He buys, sells, and delivers the certificates, and does it through a stock-exchange member, who fills these orders as promptly and as efficiently as he would do for any other customer.

On a margin order the bucket-shop man does not buy the stock at all, nor does he pretend to, while the stock-exchange man actually does buy the stock, yet may at once sell the same stock for his own account, or for a fictitious account. If this is done, then in both cases the broker is in the market against his customer, and all that customer loses the broker wins.

The bucket-shop man charges no interest, for he makes no pretense of the existence of a debit balance, while the stock-exchange man demands five or ten percent that he has paid, or charges interest on a balance which has but a fictitious existence.

The bucket-shop man uniformly gives his customer the market price, while on odd lots the stock-exchange man almost invariably charges his customer an eighth or a quarter more on purchase and gets a fraction less on a sale.

The bucket-shop man will take orders on a margin of one or two points. The stock-exchange man demands five or ten percent on five shares or even less, while the stock-exchange man refuses to carry less than fifty or one hundred shares on margin.

The customer of a bucket-shop is sold out automatically when his margin is exhausted, while the stock-exchange man strives to induce the customer to increase his margin, and thereby his probable loss and the broker's possible gain.

The bucket-shop man simply makes a wager with his customer that his client's expectation of the market is wrong, and he pretends to nothing else, while the stock-exchange man invariably pretends to a virtue to which he often has no valid claim.

The bucket-shop man makes money, much money, out of the vanity and folly of his fellows, and herein is the total point of difference between the two;

for the stock-exchange man deems it quite irregular for anyone to do this save a member of an accredited exchange. For every dollar lost through a bucket shop, a thousand dollars are lost through legitimate stock-exchange houses. Even this does not satisfy, for the legitimate one wants that other dollar.—Frederick S. Dickson, in "The Poison of the Street," in the February Everybody's.

A City Underground.

Well known to European tourists, but passed by most globe trotters—who in their hurried journey across seas and continents have no time to bestow on anything outside the beaten tracks—are the salt mines of Wieliczka, Galicia, whose origin is lost in the darkness of the times, while their history is traced to almost 1000 A. D. After being temporarily abandoned as a consequence of Tartar incursions and the resulting depopulation and impoverishment of the country, they were restored during the reign of Boleslas by immigrating Hungarian miners. The Wieliczka mines, the history of which is closely bound up with that of Poland, during the invasion of the federated troops, were the scene of many combats until 1772, when after the annexation of the country by the Austrians, they were turned over to the new government in whose control they have remained to the present day.

Apart from their interest to engineers, those mines, however, contain a number of attractions that appeal to the mind of ordinary tourists as keenly as to that of the expert. In fact, they are in themselves some kind of underground world with its roads, streets, houses and monuments, hewn in the rock salt, that commemorate the art and industry of bygone ages.

In the light of electric lamps and Bengal fires, those underground halls, comprising churches as well as profane buildings, in their weird splendor, remind visitors of the marvels of thousand-and-one-night palaces.—From "Wonders of the Underground World," in February Technical World Magazine.

My Neighbor.

"Set down," said he, When greeting me. "I'm glad to see ya back. Bring up a cheer, And set down here." Straightaway I did As I was bid, And taking up the most convenient chair I drew it nigh the genial stove, and "set" down there.

We talked and laughed, And grinned and chaffed, He joked with me, and till the light grew dim I joked with him. And when 'twas o'er I sought his door, And walked home through the evening clear. Convinced that he did well to call a chair a "cheer"—

"Twixt you and me That's what they be With whole-souled neighbors such as he.—Blakeney Gray, in "Success."

We Need a New Columbus.

To find more food for future Americans, we must discover America. We used to think that this had been done for us some four centuries ago by one Christopher Columbus. But suppose that

Fortune Telling

Does not take into consideration the one essential to woman's happiness—womanly health.

The woman who neglects her health is neglecting the very foundation of all good fortune. For without health love loses its lustre and gold is but dross.

Womanly health when lost or impaired may generally be regained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This Prescription has, for over 40 years, been curing delicate, weak, pain-wracked women, by the hundreds of thousands and this too in the privacy of their homes without their having to submit to indecent questionings and oftentimes repugnant examinations.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free